

SOUTHERN FARM NOTES.

TOPICS OF INTEREST TO THE PLANTER, STOCKMAN AND TRUCK GROWER.

Dairying in Dixie.

There is a widespread opinion that the dairy industry cannot be made a success in the South, that the proper field for the industry is in the North and West, but little by little we are learning that while there may be "no new things under the sun" there are many old industries that find new homes, and here and there, like an oasis in the desert, some bold pioneer, backed by the courage of his convictions, has introduced some new field of enterprise in an old community.

This is particularly true of the dairy industry, and though there have been many who have failed, there are more who have succeeded, and many an acre that once knew only the trend of the cotton planter and his mule, now is covered with grasses, and here the gentle cows find subsistence, and on many another field, corn and forage crops have supplanted cotton, and to the improvement of the soil, and to the enhancement of the contents of the farmer's pocketbook.

Among those who have achieved success in the South is one Mr. H. A. Barrows, of Monticello, this State; coming here seven years ago from Illinois, and knowing nothing about Southern agriculture, and but a little about agriculture anywhere, the experiences of those first few years would have discouraged a less determined man. As Mr. Barrows now laughingly says, he was the "laughing stock of the whole community," he can afford to laugh now at the recollection, but it was no joke in those days, and only proves the saying, "that he who laughs last," etc., for those who came to scoff then came now to gather knowledge—it is again the old story of the hare and the tortoise. Those who had supposed there was nothing more to be learned had been distanced by the one who had the perseverance to burn the midnight oil in order to find out the cause of his failure and bend out success where an ordinary man would have given up in despair.

Mr. Barrows early saw the necessity of keeping livestock in order to preserve the fertility of the soil, and realizing the possibilities that dairying afforded, he made a thorough study of the industry, all its branches. He had a herd of high-grade Jerseys and Guernseys, consisting of about forty milk cows and as many more young heifers. They furnish milk to supply the town of Monticello with a high grade product that cannot be excelled in quality. In addition, he is making a fancy grade butter, that was scored by one of the best judges of butter in America, and was marked ninety-eight points out of a possible 100. This butter goes to Thomasville, Jacksonville and other points to supply a critical class of customers, but the only kick is from those who can't get it; every few days he is obliged to turn down orders from some one who has heard of it.

But it is not alone in the products of the dairy that he has distanced others who are older in experience; for in his cane syrup he has produced an article that has been highly commended by experts, and in fact by all who have tasted it, and—by Mr. Kipling would say, "that is another story." Mr. Barrows raises all the roughage for his cows, buying only concentrated feeds like brewers' grains, brans and cottonseed meal. Two large silos hold enough silage to last through the winter months. In the summer the pasture is supplemented with green feeds and molasses. To visit his farm and look over his fields and his herds, is to be regaled with a few of his jokes, to meet his accomplished wife and fine boys is worth a journey from a distance.

This is but a single instance of a successful Southern dairyman, there are many, but there is room for many more. The field is a broad one, and will grow even faster than the population will increase; there is nothing that will create a demand for any product like a product that is a little better than the average, and this is particularly true of the dairy industry.

There is no branch of agriculture that impoverishes the soil so little as dairying, provided the fertilizer is returned to the land and not allowed to go to waste around the barn. It furnishes a steady income the year around, and when our friends on Wall Street are forcing cotton down to five cents, the dairy farmer sleeps just as sound, eats just as hearty and dresses just as well as when it is ten cents or more.—The Stockman.

News of the Day.

Governor Bell, of Vermont, has received until June 25 Mrs. Mary M. Rogers, under sentence of death for the murder of her husband.

The first step in the great Weightman will contest in Philadelphia, for stakes aggregating \$60,000,000, was taken.

Cadet John C. Kester was badly hurt by the premature explosion of a gun at the unveiling of a monument at Morgantown, W. Va.

Rev. Dr. Robert Stuart MacArthur, pastor of Calvary Baptist Church, of New York, is out in an article defending Mr. John D. Rockefeller from the recent "coarse, cruel, cowardly and unjust attacks" recently made upon him.

Twenty-four members of the so-called Theatrical Trust will have to stand trial on a charge of conspiracy, in accordance with a decision rendered by City Magistrate Joseph Pool, in New York, in the complaint of James S. Metcalfe, a dramatic critic, against the Theatrical Managers' Association.

Nephews of Judge Crump were put under bond to prevent an attack on Maj. A. S. Lanier, at Richmond.

the point where he can begin to acquire the necessary implements for his profession.

"A machine which will pay for itself several times over the first year, which will pay from 100 to 500 per cent. on the investment, is certainly worth purchasing."

"There isn't a successful business man in the city to-day who would hesitate one minute on such a proposition. In fact, the successful business man would not hesitate to make an investment in labor-saving machinery if he knew it would save him ten per cent. What we farmers need to realize is, that our farming is our business, and then run it on business principles. When a business man knows that a certain improvement will pay him twenty-five per cent. or fifty per cent. or 100 per cent. profit, he makes it even if he has to borrow money to do it, for such an investment will soon pay back the money many times over."

"Now, we do not advise you to go in debt indiscriminately for every new machine that comes along which some one wants to sell; but we do advise you unhesitatingly by all means procure the tools necessary to do your work to best advantage. If you run a one-horse farm you need, besides your single stock, a one-horse turn plow, a straight tooth harrow, a corn and cotton planter, a grass distributor, a one-horse cultivator, a weeder, and a one-horse mower and a hay rake."

"Now, with these tools you should be able to do such good work and so much of it that you will soon be in position to purchase another horse and run a two-horse farm. You will then be able to ride much of the time instead of walk. With the advent of the horse many more tools will be needed. A two-horse breaking plow will turn your land deeper, and with a cutaway or disc harrow, a smoothing harrow and a roller, you can put it in such fine condition that the yield per acre will be much larger. You will also need a two-horse cultivator in addition to your one-horse tools."

"When you reach this point you will soon be able to purchase another animal, and then comes the three-horse disc plow, which will tear up land that before you could not touch. You will now need a grain drill if you sow much wheat, and your crops will be so much heavier that you will abandon the cradle in despair at ever cutting it by hand, and purchase a reaper at once. Your large crop of corn calls for a shredder, and the shredder needs an engine, which will also run your feed cutter, pump your water and cut your wood. And all these pay a big profit when properly managed and cared for. You can now employ more help at a profit, have a foreman to superintend under your directions and have time for yourself and family to live like folks."

"If you are a gardener you need many more tools, including hand seed drills and single and double wheel hoes. But the gardener also needs the heavy tools to fit his land. In fact, they are a necessity, for vegetables need the very best preparation it is possible to give."

"And the further you climb up along this road to success the easier things go and greater the profit, for mother earth appreciates good treatment and will yield a bountiful return."

Sowing Alfalfa.

Alfalfa may be sown either fall or spring. It is useless to sow alfalfa unless the land has been thoroughly prepared. It will take a year at least to get land ready for alfalfa. Simply scratching over the surface of the ground and sowing seed, even when inoculation is followed, is not likely to bring satisfactory results. If the land is at all heavy in nature it should be deeply broken to the depth of twelve inches and then subsoiled. Subsoiling is best done in the fall. In order that the land may contain an available supply of plant food, it is well to grow peas on the land and plow them under in the fall. A heavy application of phosphoric acid and muriate of potash should be made to the pea crop, and lime may be applied after the peas are plowed under, say at the rate of fifty bushels per acre. The lime should be applied two or three weeks before the alfalfa is sown so as to avoid injury to the seed. Use the caustic lime, placing in heaps in the field and covering lightly with earth. When thoroughly slaked, scatter over the ground uniformly and work in with a harrow. Seed the alfalfa at the rate of twenty pounds per acre and not later than the first of September. The alfalfa should be inoculated before planting. The station is in position to furnish you with the inoculating material. It is not well to plant alfalfa on too large a scale, for it is a difficult crop to establish, and it will be better to go slowly and thoroughly understand its peculiarities before attempting to cultivate it extensively.—Journal and Tribune.

Pointed Paragraphs.

Roosters do a lot of crowing, but the hens egg them on.

True politeness requires more attention to the feelings of others than to mere forms.

All is not gold that glitters, and all do not shine in society who think they do.

A \$10,000,000 company has been formed to mine West Virginia coal and ship it from the port of Norfolk.

The Czar called a family council and also conferred with the Ministers in view of the gravity of the situation created by the crushing naval disaster.

A ministry composed of extreme radicals has been formed in Servia.

William Dunn, a marine engineer, fell dead on a ferryboat in Norfolk.

The gas grab in Philadelphia was made the text for many sermons.

A lone highwayman held up a train in Montana.

Sudden acquisition of wealth transforms family jars into jardiniere.

"WILLIAMSON'S INSOMNIA."

How Taking Care of the Baby Ejected a Two-Fold Cure.

Williamson always complained that he was a bad sleeper. In his babyhood the tendency exhibited itself in the shape of a fondness for exercise between the hours of 1 and 4 o'clock in the morning. As he grew older the somewhat characteristic of the normal boy were noticeable by their absence. The sound of rain on the roof, a creaking door, the thought of to-morrow's examinations, could banish from him all possibility of sleep.

Mrs. Williamson's first important lesson in her married life concerned the sacredness of Williamson's slumbers. A mother-in-law, three sisters-in-law and a maiden aunt of her husband's all united to impress on her mind that if Charlie once fell asleep nothing short of a domestic tragedy was an excuse for awakening him. His oversleeping in the morning was to be hailed with thankfulness, as a partial atonement for the sufferings of a wakeful night. All of which Mrs. Williamson took to heart as in duty bound.

Williamson, junior, however, did not prove as tractable a pupil as his mother. Considering his inches, he had an extraordinary amount of self-assurance, and his bump of reverence seemed totally undeveloped. If he felt in the mood for roaring, he roared regardless of the hour of his slumbers he disturbed. The room chosen for the nursery was as remote as possible from Williamson's sleeping room, and here Mrs. Williamson spent many an hour of the night in an effort to render the outcries of her son and his inaudible to her husband.

But one time when Williamson junior was cutting his first teeth his mother had been up with him for three successive nights. Then Williamson made a proposition that would have astonished his mother and sisters and the maiden aunt.

Looking across the table at his wife's pretty, tired face, the dark lines of weariness giving a new luster to her eyes, he said, "Kitty, you look worn out. To-night you must get a good sleep. I will look after the baby."

Mrs. Williamson gasped. "Why, Charlie, you won't sleep at all. The time you usually go to sleep is just his hour for starting in."

"I can stand it for one night," said Williamson. Then he added with a martyr-like air, "I sleep so little anyway that I might as well turn my wakefulness to some account."

The prospect of one night of undisturbed sleep was too tempting to be resisted. Mrs. Williamson yielded with ecstatic gratitude. She retired early that evening, having first inducted her husband into the chief mysteries connected with the care of an infant. It seemed to her that she had hardly fallen asleep when she was aroused by the vigorous lamentations of her offspring. Her first impulse was to go to her husband's assistance, but she heroically suppressed it. She would not spoil his sacrifice. She fell asleep again, her mind full of images of Williamson heaving and walking the floor and crooning lullabies under his breath to the red, wringing piece of humanity who seemed on such occasions a prey to the most bitter cynicism. Occasionally through the night she was awakened by the baby's cries, but each time she sunk to sleep, with the delicious consciousness that Charlie was doing everything necessary.

The sun was high next morning when Williamson bolted into his wife's room, watch in hand. "What time have you, Kitty? My watch seems to be off."

"Why, it's 9 o'clock," gasped Mrs. Williamson. "You're overslept!" Then, with commiserating tenderness, "I suppose you were so worn out, poor boy, that when he gave you a chance you just slept, regardless of everything."

Williamson looked sheepish. "To tell the truth, I never remember having had a better sleep," he said. "I was in a tranquil mood and the little fellow seemed to feel it. He never made a sound all night."

"Charlie Williamson!" shrieked his wife. "Do you mean to say that you never heard that poor child? Didn't you even feed him?"

She was answered by Williamson's guilty silence. Then, as she realized the astonishing truth, she gave herself up to helpless laughter.

The cure was two-fold. Williamson, junior, was a baby of discernment, and that long night in which his appeals had been ignored was enough to teach him a lesson. Williamson, senior, after this episode, found it embarrassing to say much about his insomnia. Singular to say, his insomnia related itself by leaving him to his own resources. At last accounts Williamson was sleeping very much like other people. But since the night he took care of the baby Mrs. Williamson has never trusted him with the care of that precious infant.—Chicago News.

His Own Son.

The Judge of one of the Missouri County Courts went to his home the other afternoon, and, becoming acquainted with some flagrant act of his seven-year-old son, summoned the lad before him. "Now, sir, lay off your coat," he said, sternly. "I am going to give you a whipping that you will remember as long as you live." "If it pleases your Honor," said the boy, "we desire to ask a stay of the proceedings in this case until we can prepare and file a change of venue to mother's court. Our application will be based on the belief that this court has formed an opinion regarding the guilt of the defendant which cannot be shaken by evidence, and is therefore not competent to try the case." Stay was granted, and the boy allowed twenty-five cents attorney fee.—Columbia (Mo.) Herald.

Wireless telegraphy is to be used by Commander Penny during the Polar trip. By this means the explorer's party hopes to be able to communicate with New York. Many deaths have occurred in the Arctic regions which would have been prevented had means been at hand for communicating with other parties or ships and asking for assistance. It would be an interesting climax of such an expedition if the first work done at the pole were to erect a wireless telegraph mast—we almost said, make use of the pole itself for this purpose.—Electric Review.



IN NORTH CAROLINA.

THE following interesting facts are the result of an investigation recently made by the North Carolina Geological Survey as to the public roads' conditions in the State:

All but two or three of the counties in North Carolina are still working the public roads under what is known as the "Old State Law," which requires all male citizens between the ages of eighteen and forty-five years to work the public roads on an average of six days during each year, or pay an amount of money sufficient to provide a substitute for doing this work. Forty-five of these counties, in addition to having this "Old State Law," have a provision for a special road tax, which is on an average for State sixteen and one-half cents on the \$100 property valuation and fifty-two cents on the poll.

The total amount of money spent on the public roads during the past year was \$401,382, including the money spent for permanent roads, repairing, grading and all other purposes. This amount seems surprisingly large when we consider the wretched condition of some of the roads in the State. However, one county alone (Mecklenburg) spent more than \$45,000, and Guilford County recently authorized an issue of \$300,000 in bonds for road building and is spending several thousands of it each year.

Thirty-six counties in the State are using convicts in working the public roads, and the total average of convicts thus employed during the year was \$25.

However, in no more than a dozen counties of the State is this convict work on the public roads done economically and satisfactorily. The best system probably exists in Mecklenburg County, where about 100 convicts, in two separate camps, are worked constantly on the public roads. The average cost there of feeding, clothing and guarding the convicts and providing sleeping quarters, medical attention and all other necessities, averages twenty-three cents per day per convict. These valuable results are obtained through intelligent management and business-like methods.

So far as we are able to determine the good roads question in North Carolina is more alive than ever before, and the Geological Survey is constantly receiving requests from all sections of the State for advice and practical assistance in public road improvement. Our good roads engineer, Mr. W. L. Spoon, spends the greater part of his time in visiting the different counties of the State to assist the county authorities in the practical questions of road improvement, and this is done without cost to the county for his services.

The North Carolina Good Roads Association has also recently done some effective educational work for good roads, and the formation of county organizations in most of the counties, under the general State Association, has stimulated the movement in a large degree, and the indications are that the good roads movement will continue its steady and gradual growth during the present year.

No Other Side.

The simple explanation of the steady and rapid advance of the good roads cause is, as we have repeatedly said, that the proof of its right to prevail is absolutely convincing wherever it is practically presented. There is nothing to be said on the other side to which a man thinks it worth while to listen who has once driven a loaded vehicle over a road converted within his observation from a bad to a good condition. For him the demonstration is complete, and he forthwith becomes an apostle. Such is the universal and unbroken experience. It is a remarkable fact that the movement has never received a setback anywhere. It has inevitably gone forward from a small beginning more rapidly in some localities than in others, but it has not retrograded in a single instance.—New York Tribune.

The Connoisseur of To-Day.

The connoisseur of to-day does not roam through life's quiet byways and drink in the charm of the beautiful as the butterfly passes from flower to flower. He is a creature of the counting-house; he arrives at values by a diligent comparison of directories and registers and price lists. It is his business what works are in fashion, what the latest multi-millionaire will pay for such and such a specimen. He knows nothing of art or of beauty. His emissaries range town and village, and out-buy their old dreaming collector till he retires sick with disgust. The antique chair you could get for a few shillings will now fetch as many pounds. Not mind you, that its unique and homely grace may adorn the home of any lover of the beautiful, but that it may be cut up and dissected into little bits and used as the model for some magnificently upholstered "suite" for a mansion in which it will be grotesquely out of place.

Fifty years ago you might roam the old print shops and buy with small silver coin prints by Hollar or Bewick or Valentine Green; Piranesi's splendors of Italian architecture, Callot's mordant etchings, or the woodland beauties of Wollait. Not long ago an old Parisian servant of the State, who had picked up during a lifetime old prints, just like our Milkman, fell into distress, and found that the collection gathered for a few weekly centuries would sell for the amazing sum of £17,000. An art student picked up on the stairs for some sons an almost priceless set of Raphael cartoons.

Things are hardly ever done now, at least in England. The meshes of the trade "art" collector's net are drawn too close.—London News.

Argentina's Land Area.

Of the 720,000,000 acres of land making up the total area of Argentina, 24,000,000 are arable. The principal crops are corn, wheat and flax.

Humor of Today

Just One.

"Were there any practical jokes played on you at your wedding?"

"Only by Fate."—New York Sun.

Overcoming Ambition.

A miracle on a dollar bill.

Avoid in peace and plenty.

But moved one day—and starved to death.

His new home was a twenty.

—Chicago Tribune.

His Floundering.

"Isn't Mr. Teague a deep thinker?"

"He must be," answered Miss Cayenne. "I never heard him try to say anything without getting beyond his depth."—Washington Star.

Accuracy Demanded.

"You object to your combination being called a trust?"

"I do," answered Mr. Dustin Stax. "It is a misnomer. What distinguishes our enterprise is not trust, but suspicion."—Washington Star.

Still the Same Old Play.

Miss Lunt—"You seemed bored at the theatre last night, Mr. Knott. Don't you like Shakespeare?"

Mr. Wyse Knott—"Oh, Shakespeare's all right, I suppose, but I wish he'd turn out something new."—Cleveland Leader.

Self-Sacrifice.

"He—I don't see what makes women such awful gossipers. Now, a man prides himself on being a good listener."

She—"That's just it. A woman likes to flatter his vanity, and how could he listen if she didn't talk?"—Detroit Free Press.

Joy Ahead.

Jenkins—"Aren't you disappointed that your baby was a girl?"

Popey—"No, indeed. I've just been thinking how much pleasure it will afford me some day to tell some foreign duke or count that he can't have her."—Philadelphia Ledger.

Truth Brought Home.

"After all," said the moralist, "the Almighty Dollar is man's greatest enemy. It is—"

"If that's so," interrupted old Roxley, "I guess that young wife of mine merely loves me for the enemies I've made."—Philadelphia Press.

Why He Laughed.

"Oh, George, dear, I'm so glad you've come home! We've had burglars in the flat, and they took all our silver and beat the janitor dreadfully! What are you laughing at?"

"I'm laughing because they beat the janitor."—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

Professional Amenities.

"I was really so excited that I just simply lost my voice altogether."

"Wasn't that lucky? I was wondering how they came to accept it!"—Puck.

Their Ancestors.

"I can trace my ancestors back through fourteen generations," said the man with the long hair and the frayed cuffs.

"I can't," replied the man with the new suit and the patent leather shoes. "I haven't time."—Chicago Record-Herald.

The Sequel.

Old Friend—"Hello, Bill! Haven't seen you in ten years. The last time we met you were writing a book on 'How I Got Rich Quick.' What became of you after that?"

Bill—"Oh, then I wrote another on 'How I Got Into Jail Quick.'"—Detroit Free Press.

In the Fifth Avenue Parade.

Respectable Deacon—"I wish that young Canon Mayberry weren't obliged to preach to such a small congregation."

Frivolous Widow—"So do I. Every time he said 'Dearest beloved' this morning I felt as if I had received a proposal."—Smart Set.

Unanswerable.

Maiden Aunt—"Caroline, you don't know how to train children. I've been nothing but a failure with Johnny. Nine out of every ten injunctions you lay upon him are 'don't's.'"

Married Niece—"Why, Aunt Abigail, nine of the Ten Commandments are 'don't's.'"—Chicago Tribune.

A Bid For Fame.

Mrs. Rastus Johnson—"Dem Coney dogs don't nebah had chicken 'o' dinna no mo'."

Mr. Rastus Johnson—"Naw! Since dey begin makin' a little money dey bin tryin' ter make b'lieve dey kin afford ter buy in broad daylight all de grub dey need."—Philadelphia Press.

A Florida Incident.

"So you won't go out in a rowboat with me?" he asked, with a disappointed look.

"I'm timid," she replied. "I never fell out of a boat, and I'm afraid I couldn't do it gracefully."

"Well, come out on the back stoop and we'll try falling out of a hammock."—Yonkers Statesman.

Same Then as Now.

"I wonder who the first politician was?" queried the heavyweight new brawler.

"Adam," answered the cheerful idiot.

"How do you figure that out?" asked the obese party.

"He didn't have to go to work until he lost his job," explained the c. i.—Columbus Dispatch.

THE SUNDAY SCHOOL.

INTERNATIONAL LESSON COMMENTS FOR JUNE 18.

Subject: The Heavenly Home, Rev. xii., 1-11; Golden Text, Rev. iii., 12; Memory Verses, 3-5—Commentary on the Day's Lesson.

I. The heavenly state (vs. 1-5). 1. "And." The first five verses complete the description of the new heaven and earth. The entire passage 21:1 to 22:5 should be read as one unbroken description. "He showed me" (R. V.). It was the angel interpreter of 21:9, who "showed" John this wonderful vision. "Pure river." This is evidently a reference to the garden of paradise, and the river by which it was watered. "Water of life." This is a familiar scriptural image. Living, pure water is everywhere the type of blessing (Psa. 36:8; 46:4; 105:41; Joel 2:18; John 7:37-39). "Proceeding." etc. The supply is exhaustless. Here is an unending fullness of love, joy and peace.

2. "Street of life." This refers to the city described in the preceding chapter. "Tree of life." The symbol of perpetual immortality. The heavenly paradise, like the paradise in Eden, has its river and tree of life. The tree of life is a favorite image of Solomon's "wisdom" (Eccl. 2:8-9). The tree of life is the fruit of the righteousness, the fulfilled desire, the wholesome tongue, each is "a tree of life." What possibility of blessing these figures shadow forth, who shall say? "Twelve manner of fruits." Rather, twelve fruitages, or fruit harvests. The idea is not that there were different species of fruits, but successive crops. "Leaves of the tree." The very leaves, in their foliage beauty, are a universal guarantee that perfect health is the constant and everlasting blessing of the glorified state. "No more curse." As there shall be no more sinning against God, so there shall be no more curse of God upon the people, for they shall be all His servants and serve Him. 4. "Shall see His face." This is that "vision of God" of which theologians have much spoken, constituting the highest glory of heaven. See 1 Cor. 13:12; 1 John 3:2. "In their foreheads." Saints of God in this life often reflect the image of the heavenly in their countenances.

5. "No night there." John in his vision sees one eternal day. This is emblem of sin, sorrow, pain and death; none of these will be found in heaven. "Give them light." The divine glory never dims. No revolving of the orb renders the opposite hemisphere dark. Who can anticipate what honors God may have awaiting the saints. "For ever and ever." "Unto the ages of the ages." R. V. margin. "Unto eternities of eternities."

II. God's sayings are true (vs. 6, 7). 6. "And." The visions which John saw are now ended. The remaining verses of the chapter are his epilogue. "He said." The interpreting angel (v. 1) here reaffirms the words of God (21:5). "These sayings." The utterances and revelations of this book. "Of the spirits of the prophets" (R. V.). The God who called and commissioned the prophets to reveal His word. "Shortly be done." There are many things in this book which, if taken literally, would intimate that the prophecies were to be fulfilled in a short time after their delivery. This would support the idea that they referred to those times in which the apostle lived, and to the disturbances which took place among the Jews and in the Roman empire. What they all mean, and when and how they are to be fulfilled, God in heaven alone knows! 7. "I come quickly." There is a difference of opinion as to what this coming refers to. 1. Some think it refers to Christ's coming at the end of the world. 2. Others think it may refer to His coming in the gospel dispensation. 3. Christ comes to each of us at death, and in this sense His coming is the latest. 4. It is soon the "Blessed." Blessing and we are dependent on the spirit in which the truths of this book are read and practiced.

III. God only is to be worshiped (vs. 8, 9). 8. "I John saw." The R. V. is better here. "John had placed his name in the title of his book (chap. 14, 9), and now at the close he names himself again, so that we might perfectly know that he, the Apostle John, had written this testimony as to the coming of Jesus Christ." "I fell down." Overwhelmed with wonder and reverence at the extraordinary revelations made to him, and filled with praise at the amazing blessedness God has prepared for His children, John felt the impulse of worship, and it may be that Barnes is right in his suggestion that "the apostle 'not improbably entertained some suspicion that it was soon the Redeemer Himself who had manifested Himself. There was the same attempt and refusal in chapter 19:10. This twice offered and refused worship is full of teaching. 'Thy fellow servant.' One bond of service unites angels and men; to be servants of God is the highest title they can attain; worship is for God alone. The words 'to worship God' are most emphatic; 'to God give thy worship, and not to me.'"

IV. In the future world character is fixed (vs. 10, 11). 10. "Seal not the sayings." Isaiah (8:16; 29:24) and Daniel (8:26; 12:4, 9) were commanded to seal up their prophecies. Their prophecies related to far-distant times. John was directed not to seal up his predictions, but to leave them open so that a present church might have access to them. 11. "He that is unjust." See R. V. The words contain that solemn lesson often taught in the Scriptures that we are fixing our own character every day we live and that, if judgment overtakes us at the last, the result will be traceable to no arbitrary decree, but to the manner in which, as moral beings, we met the conditions of that moral system in which we have been placed.

Icelander Needs Long Nails.

"You can tell an Icelandic," said the sailor, "by the long nail he always wears on his right thumb. You know how long a Chinaman lets the nails of his little fingers grow—an inch, almost? Well, an Icelandic's right thumb nail is quite as long as that."

"The Chinaman's long nails are for ornament, but the Icelandic's are for use."

"In Iceland they are great snuff takers, and they buy their snuff in plugs, like this plug of tobacco here. The powdered snuff is caked and molded into a solid mass."

"When the Icelandic feels like sniffing up a bit of snuff he takes his plug out, holds it in his left hand and with his right thumb nail scrapes off enough snuff for his needs."

"If the nail wasn't long it wouldn't scrape away and hence it is always easy to pick an Icelandic out among a thousand men of different nationalities."

CHRISTIAN ENDEAVOR NOTES

JUNE EIGHTEENTH.

Minor Moralities. Heb. 13: